

PENTHOUSE

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**FOOTBALL:
THE 20 WORST
COLLEGE TEAMS**

SEXUAL MALPRACTICE

**CONFESSIONS OF A
MAFIA INFORMANT**

**JFK ASSASSINATION:
NEW LINKS TO
CIA AND MOB**

**WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THE AMERICAN
COURT SYSTEM?**

**EMBRYO PATROL:
BIG MOTHER
IS WATCHING**

**MUD
WRESTLING
LADIES**



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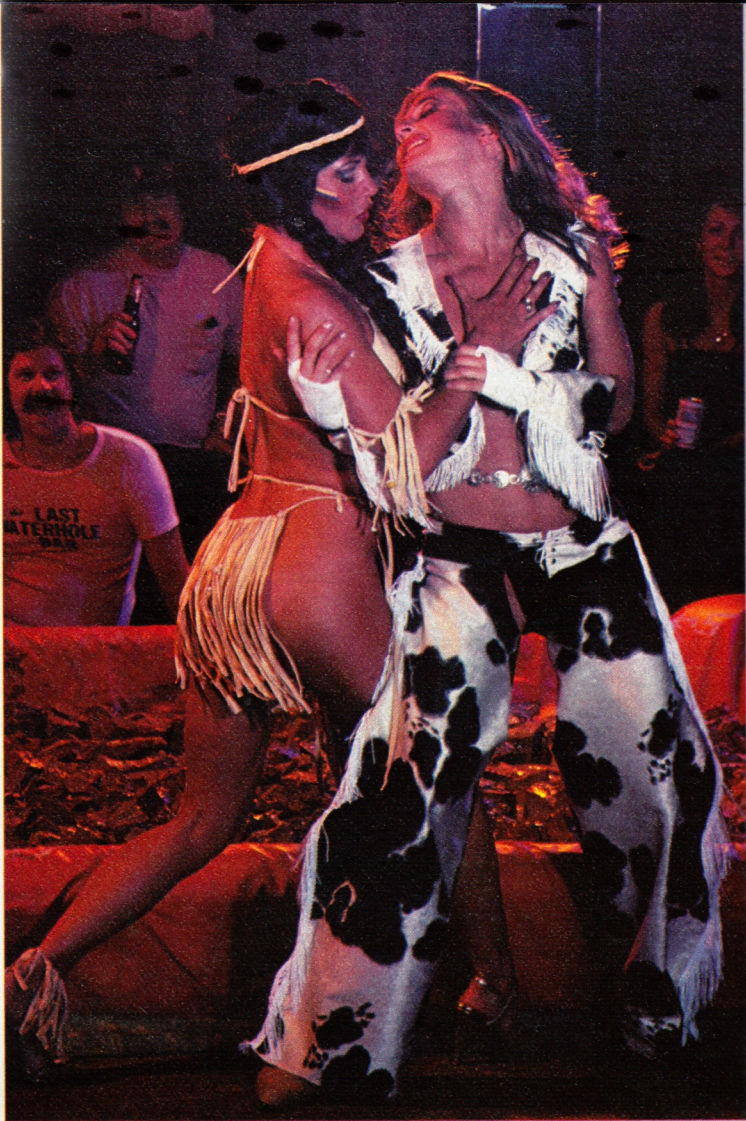
MUD AND MONEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

It was mud-wrestling night at the neighborhood watering hole; as usual, few women were present. The wild raunchy nitty-gritty grimy grunting grudge battle between two wanton females was no sight for a genuine lady.

Sides were chosen, all bets were on—strategically placed on the frisky filly of favor. One trucker laid a cool ten-dollar bill on the sensuous squaw. She wriggled and jiggled with warm bellied pleasure.

The referee sounded the ceremonial cowbell: the fight was on. Bronco Billie, whose pinto chaps and vest made no attempt to hide her pony tail, tried her best armlock, but the sneaky young squaw pulled a typically dirty Indian trick: by roughly squeezing the cowgirl's swelling breast she caused the girl to lose her balance, fall flat on her back into the man-made mudhole, and spread her long legs invitingly.



Location courtesy of Lone Star Saloon, Malibu, Calif.; costumes by Alison Bond, Hermosa Beach, Calif.





Getting deep down and dirty, the cowgirl retaliated for the untimely tumble by ripping off the squaw's flimsy top and destroying her Indian reservation. Bare-breasted, the mud wrestlers soon found themselves locked in moral combat.







Hard to do much damage, armed only with strong supple thighs and glistening buttocks, but the wranglers did their best, stabbing each other with murderous breast-points, clawing each other with deadly, sludge-impacted nails, struggling to come out on top....Slime and tide wait for no man.





Soaked and slick with mud, gleaming like milk chocolate Easter bunnies, the girls battled on, each seemed a surefire winner; each man seemed mostly concerned that the show go on. Soon the little groans and moans began to lose their ferocity, as if something more than indignation had been aroused...







In a last-ditch effort, the squaw tried to tame the cow-girl by riding her bareback—a straddle-play revealing the muddy but marvelous treasure each possessed. Time to declare a tie and make love instead of war...

But being a matter of fiscal priorities, they had to break the tie. The referee, no longer having a choice, rolled up his sleeves and got down to business: intending to ride them both and let the best woman win.



